

S 3545
A463
5
915
copy 1

My
Philosophy
of Life



POEMS

BY

CORNELIUS EDWIN WALKER

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

CHICAGO



Mrs. Mertie E. Walker



Rev. C. E. Walker, D. D.

Price Twenty-Five Cents

INSPIRING VERSE

Conveying Hints

On My

**Philosophy
of Life**

"Ich Dien"

Cornelius Edwin Walker

SOMETIME

President of Central College

and

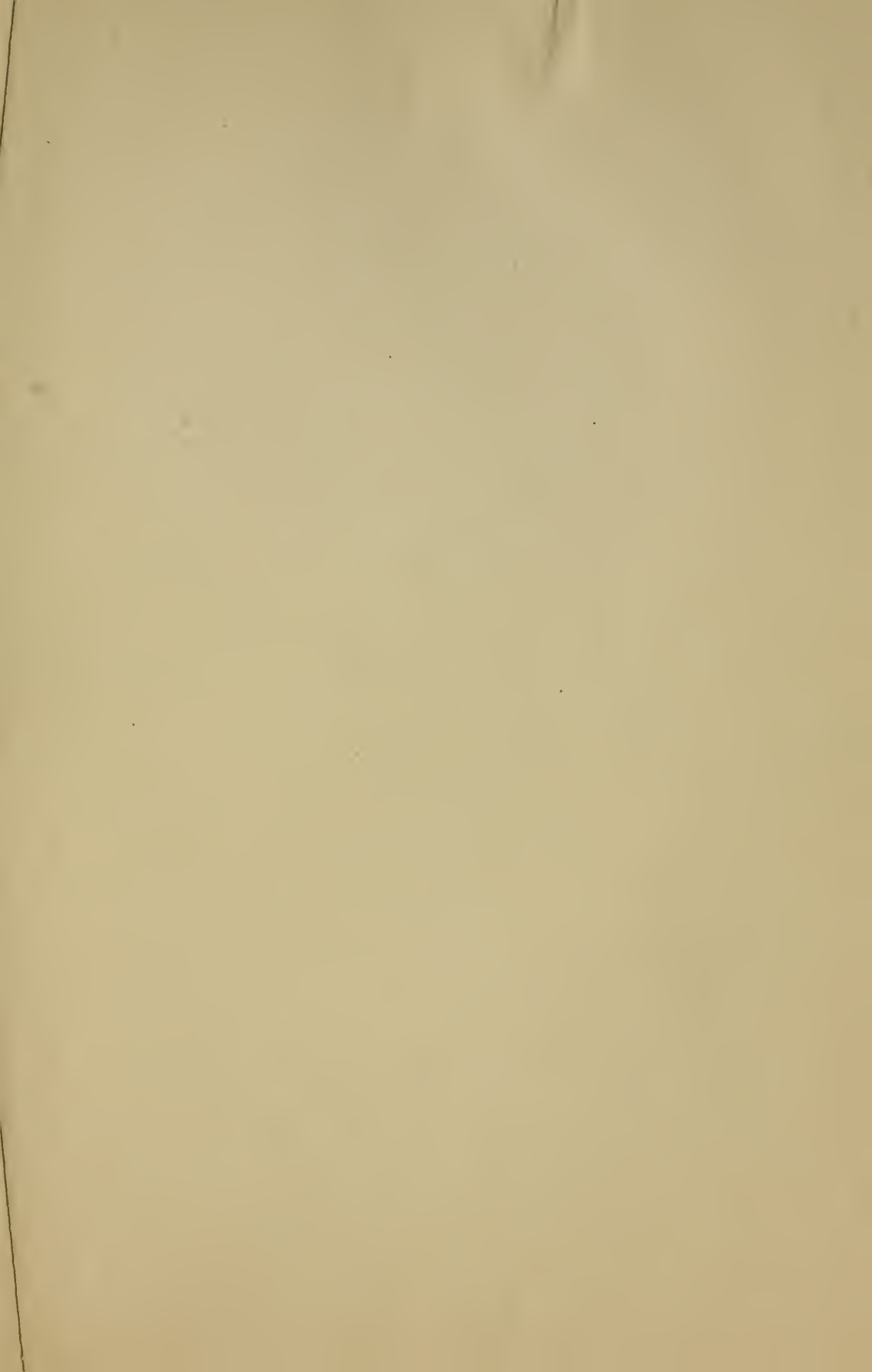
**Professor of Belles Letters, Ethics
and
Philosophy**

1915

CHICAGO

STEINWAY HALL

PS 3545
A 463 I 5
1915



**TO MERTIE EUNICE HAWES
MY DEVOTED WIFE**

**Whose Loving Encouragement
Has Kept My Pen Busy
Urging Upon My Fellows
A More Earnest Life
C. E. W.**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

**"Words of Wisdom to the Married"
"Our Wedding Wreath"
"True Manliness"
"The Psychology of Success"**

These Poems having appeared in THE LYCEUM
WORLD, permission to publish in this form
has been very kindly granted by Dr.
A. E. Gringle, The Editor, and
gratitude therefor is
hereby ex-
pressed

\$0.25

**COPYRIGHTED 1915
By C. E. Walker**

Made in U. S. A.

©Cl.A416212

NOV -4 1915

no. 1

ASPIRATION A PROPHECY

Εὐῶθε σεαυτοῖν.

Dedicated to Rev. Barend
H. Kroeze, D. D.
(President Jamestown College)

Command your reserve powers
To come into the light
And use your passing hours
To build a man of might;
To man there is no limit
(As far as he can see):
The soul has that within it
A limitless man to be.

Man has potential power
To reach to any height,
And only stops at lower
Because unknown his might;
He may not reach the summit
As God the summit sees,
But his own aspiration
Can reach whate'er it please.

God gave man one condition
To prompt him to rise higher—
An in-born true ambition,
A holy inner fire
To glow and light the path-way
To higher heights,—and on
Through every sort of hindrance
To welcome victory won.

Just take that aspiration
As prophecy come true;
Court e'er your own ambition
As to what you ought to do;
Your longings are prophetic
Of God's real working plan
To lead you to achievement—
To make a manly man.

A NORMAL LIFE.

Dedicated to Rev. E. R. Welch

1.

Give me health to furnish vigor,
Force for service in large store,
Then I'll work though taxed with rigor,
And by service grow the more.

2.

Body, mind and soul e'er splendid,
Aiming thus for true success,
Then when life with tasks is ended
Heaven's gates will ope to bless.

3.

Great reward for earth's commotion
Is the growth, the expanse of soul,
Which results from faith's devotion
In the making earth-life whole.

4.

Then with soul-life's full expansion,—
Room for joy and peace and love,—
This makes earth as 't were extension
Of the heavenly realm above;

5.

Heaven come down to earth with blessing
For the soul unfolded here,
All the life its aim expressing;
Heaven 's here or anywhere.

THE TRIUMPHANT LIFE

Dedicated to

Rev. Thomas J. Sanders, Ph. D., L L. D.
Hulitt Professor of Philosophy,
Otterbein University

I

Onward, right onward to mountain top,
Whatever the hindrance we may not stop;
Whatever 's before us the view is clear,
Whatever the burden the help is near;
The vision 's within us, the help at hand,
For all needed force is at our command;
If only to conscience and God we're true
There's nothing too great for us to do.

II

Then onward and upward with steady flight;
The goal and the glory are full in sight.
We've only to beleve to make it true;
We've only to trust and dare to do.
The victory is with us, e'en in us all,
And nothing can hinder or make us fall
If settled at first that to the end
The truth and right we will defend.

III

Then forth to success we sing and fly
With our faith in God who cannot lie;
To glorious triumph we surely come
And enter the gate of heaven our home;
But heaven alone is not our goal,—
The purpose of life is to expand the soul;
For tasks and toil in a world of strife
Serve but to strengthen and prove our life.

IV

This fits for service of field on high
By proving our worth before we die;
For struggles and strife in earthly sphere
Tend to eliminate doubt and fear,
And make of death an open door
Into a world where we'll live the more
For having lived a life of love
That flowers on earth and fruits above.

THERE'S LIGHT BEHIND THE CLOUDS

Dedicated to Baby Margaret Wheeler

1.

As near the window here I write
And watch the clouds go flitting by,
Anon the sun's rays beam so bright,
Reminding of life's broken sky.

2.

Sometimes a dark and threatening storm
Is hanging o'er your head and mine,—
We shrink with fear, we take alarm;—
'Twill surely crush us in its line.

3.

Just as we think the danger nears
And we 'er about to hide away
The storm is gone,—the sun appears,—
And life is hopeful, bright and gay.

4.

Then as the sun's bright rays do gleam
Just after clouds so dark and drear,
So life's uneven course may seem—
A repetition—dark then clear.

5.

When you're bowed down in grief and gloom
And everything seems lost and sad,
Remember this: What'er may come
The good will always chase the bad.

I WILL: THEREFORE I CAN

Dedicated to Jonathan Rigdon, Ph. D.
(President Winona College)

I

I Will is a spirit that nothing can daunt,
Believing that surely the thing that you want
Is ever at hand for him who says Will,
Not waiting or loitering at foot of the hill,
But onward and upward to aim without stop;
There's nothing to hinder this side of the top
Of manly ambition, of honorable goal;
I Will gives the victory to man with a soul.

II

Thus joy fills the man when he works with a Will;
No matter how difficult, he's at it still
Until every hindrance he meets shall give way;
To work he goes cheerful as boy when at play.
So life is ever joyful to such a strong man
Whose Will is the power by which he says Can;
With force ever to conquer the difficult things
He ever mounts higher; he walks as with wings.

III

The man who has faith in his mission on earth
Is truly light-hearted, is buoyant with mirth;
He sits not complaining, bemoaning his fate;
He does not go whining, or limping, or wait,
But plunges headlong into tasks as they're given,
Believing that earth is a part of his heaven;
Full knowing that Will is the basis for Can
He works out God's Will as a dutiful man.

TRIBUTE TO MANHOOD.

Dedicated to Miss Esther McRuer

1.

It is grand to shake hands with the heart;
It is noble to cherish a friend,
To keep all one's friends from the start,
And serve them in love to the end.

2.

This world doth need more of such men
To aid it along on life's road,
For all the way long and again
They help us to lighten the load.

3.

We often have known of this kind,
The men, who are trustworthy, sure;
But never indeed will you find
A truer than Duncan McRuer.

THE WHOLE MAN.

Dedicated to

Prof. Wm. B. Thomas, A. M.

1.

Within a healthy body
An awakened soul
Guided by volition,
Reaching for life's goal;
Goal of life is victory
Over self and sin,
With God's plan—redemption—
Evermore within.

2.

For the true redemption
Is expanse of soul,
Not a far-off heaven—
Geographic goal—;
Truth and joy and beauty
Entering into life,
Helping meet one's duty,
Overcoming strife.

3.

Keeping body healthful,
 Keeping happy mind,
 Rendering manly service,
 Helping others find
 Path of truth and duty
 Through an open door,
 Manifesting beauty,
 Serving evermore.

4.

Utilizing service
 As a means of grace,
 Growing by the serving—
 Any time and place—
 Ever keeping, ever,
 Truth and right in view,
 Acts to live forever;
 Nothing else to do

5.

But to make expansion
 For one's "living soul,"
 Getting all rewarding
 Just in being whole.
 'Tis the doing, living,
 Growing as a man
 Service freely giving
 Consummates God's plan;

6.

Plan for growth in service,
 For expanding soul,
 Just to render helpful
 That which makes one whole;
Wholly worth the living,
 Living wholly true,
 Self in service giving
 Heaven's work to do.

7.

All the work of heaven,
 All the work of earth
 Is to make our living
 Matter of man's worth;
Worth while for the body
 Temple of the soul,
Worth while all the powers
 Making man a whole.

8.

Wholly made in image
And in likeness too
Of the God who made us
With this end in view;
Godly man or woman
As a "living soul,"
Angel-type, or human,
Altogether whole.

AMBITION.

Dedicated to Prof. Rob't. F. Downs.

1.

Ambition! what a splendid word,
When rightly understood;
When in a noble heart it's stirred
To act for common good;
When prompting all the man within
To push, or pull, or plan,—
Thus conquering all alluring sin—
In making nobler man.

2.

A man without ambition's aid
O'ercoming hindering strife
Will fall far short for what he's made;—
He'll lack the earnest life.
Ambition's light to show the road
To higher, better things,
Enables man to bear his load;
To burdens it gives wings.

3.

Then cherish all the heartfull hope,
The strong prophetic fire
That aids a man with life to cope,
Thus rising ever higher.
Ambition is prophetic, quite,
As to what a man should be;
Upon his path it throws a light
Enabling goal to see.

TRUE EXALTATION.

Dedicated to Dr. Arthur E. Gringle,
Editor Lyceum World.

I

My soul would rise higher
The vales to look o'er,
To heaven be nigher
Than ever before;
Yet not to live higher
Than where duty lies,
But bring heaven nigher
Than space in the skies;

II

To catch inspiration
For duty assigned,
With true aspiration
Leave weakness behind;
And feeling the glory
Of heaven above,
Tell the sweet story
Of brotherly love.

III

My soul would rise higher
In scaling the heights,
To catch heaven's fire
The source of delights
That serve as pure leaven
To help us to rise,
And bring to all heaven
From space in the skies.

IV

The heaven 's within us
When soul is aglow,
Its work will begin as
These truths we shall know:—
That life lived for others
Is living indeed,
And all men are brothers
According to need.

V

The hues of real beauty,
The tone of the song,
These help one in duty
Through days that are long;
I still would rise higher
My tasks to look o'er
And bring heaven nigher
Than e'er 'twas before;

VI

But not to forget that
My work is below,
And only to catch it,—
The heavenly glow;—
The glow that has tinted
The blooms by the way,
The soul's inspiration
To brighten the day.

VII

My soul's aspiration
Is lifting, has power;
The real consecration
That sweetens the hour
And makes life worth living—
For others I live—
Is spirit forgiving
And service to give.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE CHILD.

Dedicated to Baby Lillian Andersen

I

Speak kindly as you pass
That mother's darling child;
The crowds rush by en masse,
Neglecting to be mild;
They therefore "pull and haul"
And trample on the tots,
And many a child will fall
Because the crowds lack thoughts.

II

The child just needs a hand
To help it o'er the stone
Which blocks the path o'er land
Where it must tread alone;
Will you then try to aid
Some passing girl and boy?
And lead them through the glade
Where flow full streams of joy?

III

Then speak kind words today
To boys and girls you meet,
And lead through life's safe way
Amidst the crowded street;
Make touch and voice and life
So full of help and cheer
That thwart their ills and strife
And bring their heaven near.

IV

Thus give your life a touch
Of heaven's sacred good,
By giving to all such
As need our Brotherhood,
A song in work and play
From earnest loving heart,
To make their life e'er gay;
This is the manly part.

V

Thus life, your own, is sweet,
And others' lives made full;
And many a smile you meet
As up life's hill you pull
The load to you made fast,
The burdens you may bear,
Will prove when life is past
The answer to your prayer.

VI

The heavenly words "Well done"
Will greet your yearning soul,
And you'll be not alone
When you have reached the goal;
There'll be the souls you've led
By words you've spoken kind,
By truth and light you've shed
From hand and heart and mind.

VII

The boys and girls your smile
Has helped o'er rugged hill
Will meet you there the while
And greet you with a will;
They'll ask our Father kind
To crown you with His love,
And then we all shall find
Kind words do lead above.

SPEAK KIND WORDS TODAY.

Dedicated to Rev. R. B. Walker

I.

There's trouble and worry,
Imagined, and true;
Some people are sorry,
And others are "blue";
Your life has a mission
In passing this way;
I ask you to listen:—
Speak kind words today.

II.

Tomorrow a Brother
May anxiously wait,
While looking for other
To open the gate
Into land bright and cheery,
With blooms by the way;
Just make him feel merry—
Speak kind words today.

III.

It helps us amazing
If helpful we be;
And we are the gainers
When hearts are aglee
With songs of good purpose
To brighten the way
Along which we're passing:—
Speak kind words today.

HE CAN WHO WILLS

Dedicated to my friend, Mr. A. J. Hole

1

I WILL is the power
That makes the mill go;
It makes the brute cower,
It conquers the foe.

2

I CAN is a brother
Consorting with WILL;
They each aid the other
In climbing the hill.

3

The man of the hour
Is he who says "CAN,"
Uniting in power
The WILL of the man.

4

With WILL on my banner,
My heart all a-thrill,
I do not ask, "CAN I?"
I CAN if I WILL.

A BOY'S BOUNDING LIFE.

Dedicated to Billy Morrell

Life is a jingle
To many a boy
His blood all a tingle,
His soul filled with joy;
And then because living
To him is just fun
His energies giving
His life a swift run,
He's romping and racing
Because he can't stop;
O'er hill-top he's pacing—
He's reaching the top
Of boy's aspirations
With up-lift as wings;
The way between stations
He whistles and sings

He sings 'cause he's happy,
His life is all cheer,
He never gets gloomy—
He'll never appear
As boy that goes whining
Because he has work;
His face keeps on shining,
He never will shirk.

His tasks make him joyful—
There's just enough strife
To call forth the boy full
Of rich bounding life;
His heart all abounding
With glee and good will,
His manhood is rounding
The top of the hill.

WANTED—A MAN

Dedicated to Thomas Houston

1

Be up and a doing
By early daylight,
Your power accruing
A man of true might.

2

The world is a waiting
For you to come by,
Its work with you mating
If task you will try.

3

'Tis large undertaking
To tackle the task,
But manhood in making
Is all that we ask.

WYNNEWOOD NEW ERA
POWER PRESS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 360 443 0